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SEPT. 11, 1957

TWO SHILLINGS



MISS ELISABETH GRIMSTON





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**The Ear-rings** Fiji, brilliant sun, emerald sea, ice clinking, green chairs confettied over the shining deck . . .



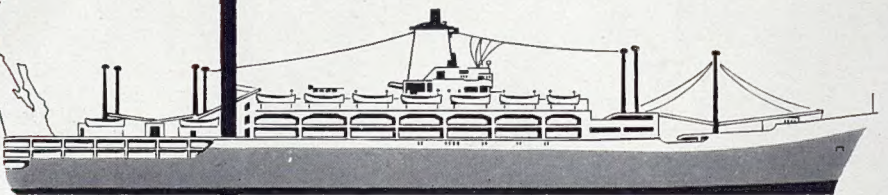
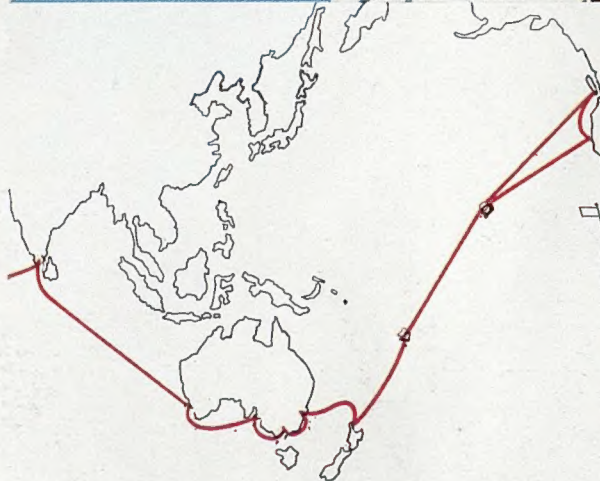
**The Guitar** Red wine and white buildings, Honolulu . . . soft twilight, songs half heard, ever remembered . . .



**The Roses** Sirens sobbing journey's end, San Francisco, cabin full of flowers, moments of good-bye, sweet stewardess, charming barman, everyone so kind, last drink at *our* table, wonderful ship . . .



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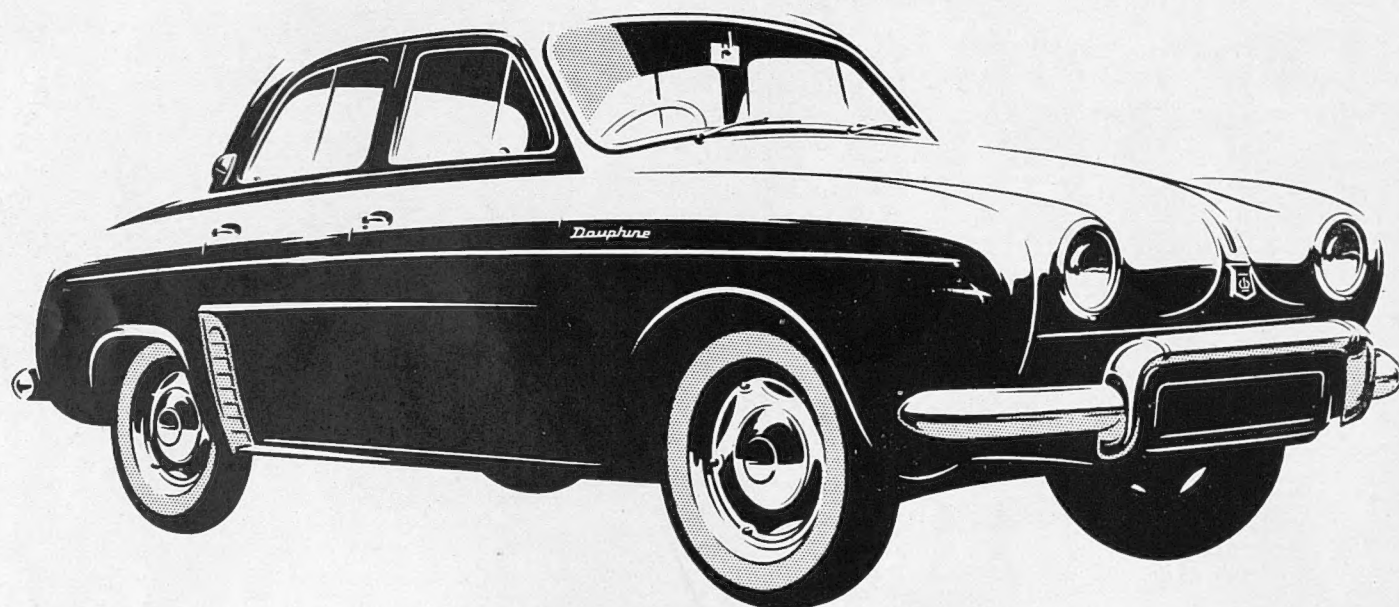
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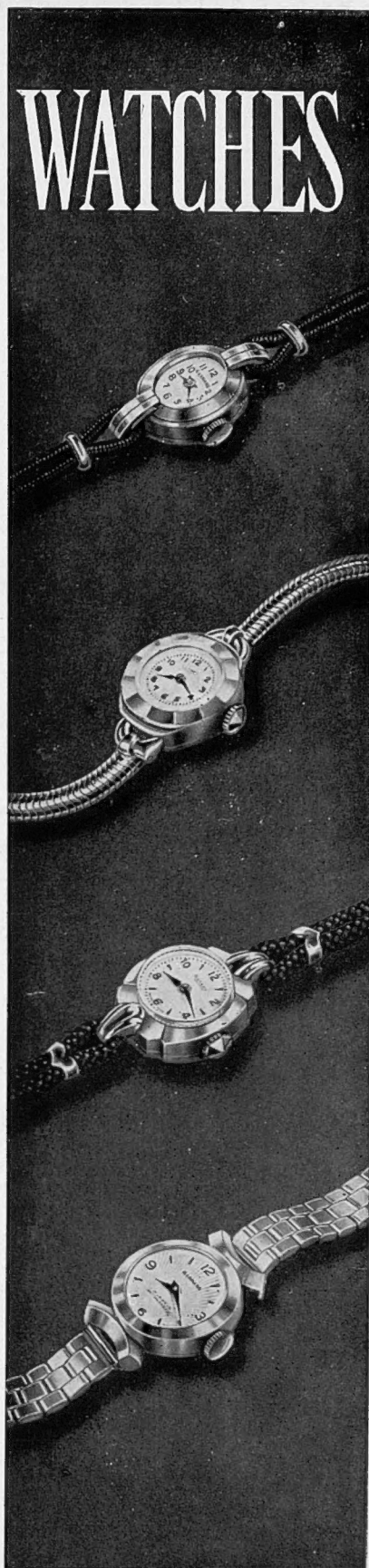
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## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From September 11 to September 18



MISS ELISABETH GRIMSTON is the seventeen-year-old daughter of the Hon. John Grimston, Member of Parliament for the St. Albans Division of Hertfordshire, and of Mrs. Grimston. Her father is heir-presumptive to his brother, the Earl of Verulam. Miss Grimston, who is one of the most attractive of this year's debutantes, was presented at Buckingham Palace in April, and shared a dance in May with Miss Evelyn Heathcoat-Amory at the Verulam family seat Gorhambury, near St. Albans.

**Sept. 11 (Wed.)** Great Championship Dog Show, Bournemouth.

Woolwich Searchlight Tattoo (to 14th).

Golf: Girls' Open Amateur Championship (to 13th), North Berwick.

Racing: Doncaster (the St. Leger). Steeplechasing, Devon and Exeter.

**Sept. 12 (Thu.)** The Queen will open the Inter-Parliamentary Union annual conference in Westminster Hall.

World Premiere of Charles Chaplin's *A King In New York*, at the Leicester Square Theatre in aid of the National Fund for Poliomyelitis Research and the Three Roses Society for Mentally Handicapped Children.

Racing: Doncaster. Steeplechasing, Devon and Exeter, Woore.

**Sept. 13 (Fri.)** National Rose Society's Autumn Rose Show (two days), Horticultural Hall, Westminster.

Dance: Mr. and Mrs. Rodney de M. Leathes, for Miss Elizabeth Leathes, in London.

Racing: Doncaster.

**Sept. 14 (Sat.)** Dance: Mrs. Stephen Player for Miss Karen Player, at Ednaston Manor, Derbyshire.

Northamptonshire Agricultural Show, Overstone Park, near Northampton.

Motoring: "Daily Express" Meeting, Silverstone.

Rugby Football: Harlequins v. Llanelli, at Twickenham.

Racing: Sandown Park, Ripon, Worcester, Hamilton Park. Steeplechasing, Market Rasen, Sedgefield, Wincanton.

**Sept. 15 (Sun.)** Royal Aeronautical Society Garden Party, Wisley, Surrey.

Anna Russell at the Royal Albert Hall.

**Sept. 16 (Mon.)** Golf: Royal and Ancient Autumn Meeting (to 19th), St. Andrews. Scarborough Open Golf Week (to 21st), Scarborough, Yorks.

Tennis: Championship of the Highlands (to 21st), Pitlochry, Perthshire.

First night: Chinese Classical Theatre, Drury Lane.

Racing: Edinburgh, Wolverhampton. Steeplechasing, Fontwell Park.

**Sept. 17 (Tue.)** Northern Meeting Ball, Inverness.

Concert at Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m., by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, soloist Isaac Stern.

Dance: Small farewell dance by Mrs. Hubert Raphael for Miss Wendy Raphael at the Dorchester.

First night: *Nekrassov*, Royal Court.

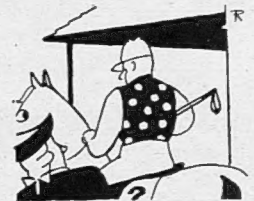
Racing: Edinburgh, Wolverhampton, Yarmouth. Steeplechasing, Fontwell Park.

**Sept. 18 (Wed.)** Anglo-Chilean Society Luncheon at the Dorchester, 12.30 p.m.

Barnstaple Fair (to 20th), Barnstaple, Devonshire.

First night: *Hamlet*, Old Vic.

Racing: Ayr (Western Meeting, 3 days), Brighton, Yarmouth.



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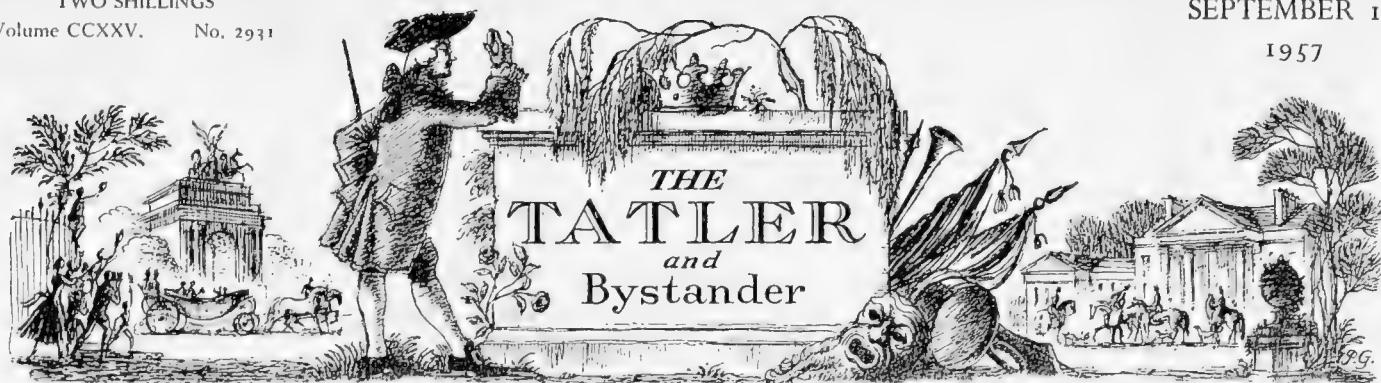
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by HENRY—photographed in Paris on the Pont de Neuilly bus.

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Brodrick Haldane

## A Swiss diplomatist's wife

MADAME RÖY HUNZIKER is seen in the Chateau de Beaulieu, one of the oldest and most fascinating private houses in Lausanne. It is the home of her father, Dr. Marcel de Meuron. Her husband, M. Roy Hunziker, was for nine

years attached to the Swiss Legation in London. He has since held posts in both Washington and Moscow. At present M. and Mme. Hunziker, with their two small daughters, are living in Berne. Mme. Hunziker is a very talented artist





## FINE POLO AT DEAUVILLE

DURING the Grande Semaine, Deauville was the scene of some fine polo. The winning team of the Coupe d'Argent, was Laversine, shown here: J. Muller, Domecq La Riva, Elie de Rothschild and A. Gracida. Mme. R. B. Strassburger presented the prize to them

*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

# GAIETY ON THE PLAGE FLEURIE



MISS JANE MASSEY, whose portrait by Miss Peggy Wickham is reproduced above, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Massey and the granddaughter of the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, Governor-General of Canada, who has just been in Britain

I FLEW over to Deauville for the opening of the "Grande Semaine," and found this gay resort with its famous "Plage Fleurie" packed. There is never a dull moment in Deauville, with all the various diversions which include yachting, lawn tennis, golf on one of the most delightful courses in France, the racing and yearling sales, polo, the ballet, good concerts, and of course the Casino! Everyone I spoke to who had been playing golf told me they had never seen the course in such good condition; the greens were perfect. Much of this is due to the efficient supervision and work of Col. Carlton who comes up from the golf course at Mougins each summer to run the golf at Deauville, where he arranges competitions every week.

At the beginning of August the golfers enjoyed their Grand Prix de Deauville, when the prizes I heard cost about £400. The week later they played for a fine challenge cup presented a few years ago by the Hon. George Ward, now Secretary of State for Air, and at the beginning of this month there was the Coupe d'Or. Col. Giles Loder, a very keen enthusiast for this game, played frequently during his stay, as did Mrs. Sydney Loder, the Earl of Carnarvon and Count John de Bendor, who was staying here with his lovely wife on their way back to their home in Switzerland. Among French golfers enjoying the course this season were the Duc de Gramont, the Marquis de Saint-Sauveur, the Comte de Saint-Sauveur, the Vicomte de Saint-Sauveur and the Comte de Ganay.

Some first-class polo has been played on ground adjoining the Deauville racecourse after racing each day. Unfortunately, among the six teams competing there was not a top class English team, but it is hoped that this may be rectified next year. The Coupe de la Ferme de Coteau, a lovely cup presented by Mr. R. B. Strassburger and named after his charming Deauville home, was won by the Laversine team who had Elie de Rothschild playing number one, Jolio Muller two, Alexandro Gracida three, and Pedro Domecq La Riva at back. They defeated the Indian team by five and a half goals to three. The Indian team was captained by the Maharajah of Jaipur, who was over in Deauville for several weeks with his beautiful wife and his brother-in-law the Maharajah of Cooch Behar. Playing in his team were Rao Raja Hanut Singh, Kunwar Bijai Singh, and Capt. Kishen Singh. Mrs. Strassburger presented the cup after the match. The following Sunday, the last big match of the season, the final, for the Coupe d'Or, was won by the Indian team who again met Laversine in a final.

Among other good polo players taking part in the Deauville matches were Luis Lalor and Juan Rodriguez, who like Alexandro Gracida, plays from a seven handicap, Ricardo Lalor, Chirio Gracida, Carlos de la Serna and Col. Prem Singh who are all six handicap players.



I met too Col. and Mrs. Humphrey Guinness. He is still one of our finest players, but was only reserve for one of the teams here as, owing to a fall during the Cirencester Tournament in July, when he broke a bone in his arm, he was not a hundred per cent fit.

On the eve of the Prix Morny, the big two-year-old race, always run on the first Sunday of the Grande Semaine, there was the Gala des Courses at Les Ambassadeurs, in aid of L'Association Générale des Jockeys de Galop en France, a benevolent fund for jockeys riding in France, and for the jockeys' hospitals at Maisons-Laffitte and Chantilly. This was a very glamorous occasion, with many beautiful women present wearing some superb *grande robes de soir* and exquisite jewellery, while their escorts all wore white dinner jackets. As one entered the large, lofty mirror-walled restaurant with its dance floor and stage, one walked between a guard of honour of jockeys wearing the colours of many of the best known French owners. Later these jockeys entered and made a colourful picture standing each side of the stage on a raised platform beneath large satin banners of their owners' colours. There was an excellent cabaret, and four of the women guests, among them the charming and very attractive French film actress Simone Simon who looked a picture wearing a magnificent white slipper satin dress, went on the stage to draw the lucky numbers for the tombola in which the prizes included a motor-car! The evening ended, as at most galas in France, with a brilliant firework display.

To mention only a few present, I saw the Baron and Baronne Guy de Rothschild who had a big party, as did Mme. Jean Couturie who has one of the finest studs in France where she breeds many winners, and a most successful string of horses in training. Her guests were at two tables, and included her daughter and son-in-law who also take a great interest in racing, and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Miller, the latter looking most attractive in a lovely white chiffon dress with a two row diamond necklace. Mr. Miller, who has homes in Pennsylvania and Nassau, spends much of the summer in Europe and now has several horses in training in France, and won a nice race at Deauville just before I arrived there. Also in this party was Mrs. P. A. B. Widener, owner of Neptune II, the favourite for the Prix Morny next day, who looked very chic in a beautifully cut black chiffon dress. Prince and Princesse Said Tousson were there, also Comte and Comtesse François de Ganay, Major and Mrs. Eric Loder, the latter perhaps the best dressed woman present in an exquisitely embroidered heavy white satin dress (I believe from Balenciaga) and a magnificent diamond spray brooch, Mme. Leon Volterra in a lovely white crepe dress and white mink cape, who during the evening was presented with a basket of roses that had been named after her, the Earl of Carnarvon, M. Maurice Hennessy, M. and Mme. Kilian Hennessy, Mrs. Sydney Beer, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer le Marchant in a party with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hilliard, Mr. and Mrs. Emile Littler, and Mr. John Houlder, one of our finest amateur pilots, who had flown over in his Gemini for the night. Also M. and Mme. Boussac and M. and Mme. Arpad Plesch, the latter wearing Jean Dessès's finely gauged and draped chiffon dress, a lovely model which I noticed had also been chosen by one or two of the other guests!

AFTER the Gala many people strolled across the foyer to the Casino, which was very full. Here a big crowd was at the baccarat table where the play was high and exciting (I personally did not see any English players). All eyes were centred on quite a young, attractive and quietly dressed Frenchwoman, Mme. Dupuis, who was one of the most consistent players. Next day the large and usually very peaceful foyer of the very comfortable and airy Royal Hotel, which M. Mouchet runs so well, was buzzing with activity after luncheon as everyone left for the racecourse. There was an excellent programme with the Prix Morny as the highlight. This race always produces the best two-year-olds in training in France. This year the hot favourite was Mrs. P. A. B. Widener's good-looking American-bred colt Neptune II, who lived up to his reputation and won, beating Baron Geoffrey de Waldner's Bel Amant with Mme. Leon Volterra's very fine-looking colt Edellec third. Neptune II is entered in our classics so we may see him at Epsom next summer. Mrs. Widener, very neat in navy blue with touches of white, a popular personality on both sides of the Atlantic, led in her winner and received numerous congratulations. The next race was won by M. Alec Weisweiler with Brasidas II who had run (unplaced) in the Goodwood Cup; he also owned Tête de Linette who finished third in the race.

M. and Mme. Weisweiler, the latter better known as Simone Simon, have a delightful house overlooking the sea at Deauville with a most attractive décor, where they always come for the month of August. M. and Mme. Boussac had a party of young children with them in their box, and others racing that afternoon included most of those I mentioned at the Gala, also Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid and one of their young daughters (they are devotees of Deauville and come over every August), Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, and Major and Mrs. Herbert Holt, also all Deauville "regulars" for many years, Lady Irwin and her cousin Mrs. Peter Hastings Bass, Major Jack Clayton, Sir Francis Weatherby, Sir Rhys Llewellyn who was at the yearling sales each day, Lady Ainsworth and Mr. and Mrs. Evan

[Continued overleaf]

M. Guy Verdier was enjoying the party in company with Mme. Etienne Pollet



## WATERBORNE COCKTAILS

Cdr. Sir Hugh Dawson, Bt., with Mrs. J. Menzies, his daughter, at the cocktail party he gave aboard his yacht Verity at Deauville during the Grande Semaine



M. and Mme. Ouvre of the Royal Yacht Squadron with Earl St. Aldwyn on board



Mr. John Menzies had found a quiet spot at this lively party to smoke a cigarette with Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Bt.







*LORD AND LADY BALFOUR OF INCHRYE and their dogs on the terrace of Hendersyde, their home near Kelso, Roxburghshire. Lord Balfour, wartime Under-Secretary of State for Air, has done much for Commonwealth development*

Van Hallan

Williams over from Ireland, M. and Mme. Martinez de Hoz, the latter very chic in a long, tailored, white wool coat and white hat, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Delmé Ratcliffe, and Brig. and Mrs. Willy Wyatt. I also saw Major Lucas who umpires many of the polo matches, and his wife, Mr. Michael Spencer-Smith, Comte and Comtesse de Pelet, Mr. Peter Cusack who was returning to the U.S. at the end of the week in the French ship *Liberté*, Baron and Baronne Elie de Rothschild, Comte F. de Nicolay, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Dale, Mr. Kenneth Watt and the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry. Mr. Watt and Mr. Coventry were having a busy week, as they were going out to the late Aga Khan's French studs to value the bloodstock for death duties, and then on to Ireland a few days later for the same purpose. Perhaps the luckiest person in Deauville for the Grande Semaine was Mme. Cino Del Duca; on the first Sunday she won the Prix de Trouville with her nice three-year-old Scot, trained by Pierre Pelat; the following Sunday Scot ran again and won the valuable Grand Prix de Deauville which is worth about nine thousand pounds, and this time he started at 36 to 1!

Others in Deauville that week were the Marquis de Cuevas whose ballet was giving brilliant performances at the Casino Theatre, Princess Joan Aly Khan, Lord and Lady Roderic Pratt, Comte Alain Potier de la Morandiere, Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, Baron Henri de Blonay, Baron and Baronne Jean Thierry, Cdr. and Mrs. Alan Noble, Mme. Picard and M. and Mme. Rene Chambrun, and Mr. and Mrs. John Menzies with her father Sir Hugh Dawson who had his boat Verity in the harbour. The one person I missed tremendously on this visit was that great and wonderful personality, M. François André, who runs so much of Deauville with such efficiency and elegance. He was laid up with a very painful attack of gout, from which I hope he has now fully recovered.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the prettiest weddings to take place recently, and one with a really happy family atmosphere, was when Mr. Robert Ian Mitchell, son of Mr. R. Mitchell and Mrs. Lilian Mitchell of Sydney, Australia, married Miss Barbara Weston, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Weston, in Holy Trinity Church, Cannes, where Dr. Raymond Cleary of Toronto, a great friend of the bride's family, conducted the service, assisted by the Rev. Wilfred Castle, the vicar of Holy Trinity.

The bride, who is a really lovely girl, was given away by her father, and looked radiant in an exquisitely gauged shell-pink chiffon dress with a short two-tiered looped skirt, which had been designed and

## A RIVIERA WEDDING

A GROUP taken after the wedding of Mr. Robert Ian Mitchell to Miss Barbara Weston at Cannes, described by Jennifer this week. With the bride and bridegroom are (left) Mrs. Garfield Weston, the bride's mother, and (right) Mrs. Lilian Mitchell, the mother of the bridegroom, and Mr. Garfield Weston



Desmond O'Neill



# MALAYA RECEPTION

TO mark the occasion of the Federation of Malaya's achieving independence the High Commissioner gave a reception at the Dorchester. Many friends of Malaya were invited



Commander Allan Noble  
dancing with Mrs. Noble



Sir Henry Lintott with Lady  
Lintott



The High Commissioner, H.E. Dato Nik Ahmed  
Kamil, receiving the Earl of Home

made for her in Toronto by the famous Canadian couturier Cornelia. Her short pink silk tulle veil was held in place by a tiny pink lace cap, and she carried a bouquet of long-stemmed red roses. She was attended by her five pretty sisters—her married sister Mrs. Charles Burnett as maid of honour, wearing a dress of écreu lace with a little cap, with the bridesmaids Miss Nancy Weston, Miss Wendy Weston, Miss Gretchen Weston and Miss Camilla Weston, who wore enchanting silk organza dresses in sweetpea shading and bow headdresses to tone. Mr. Charles Burnett was best man to his new brother-in-law, whom incidentally he had introduced to the bride, and the bride's three brothers Mr. Garry Weston, Mr. Grainger Weston and sixteen-year-old Mr. Galen Weston, were all ushers.

After the ceremony, which took place at four-thirty, Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Weston, the latter looking charming in a tunic dress of embroidered blue wild silk and hat to match, held a small reception in the cool of the early evening at their lovely villa just above Cannes, which was originally built by the Duc de Chartres. Mr. and Mrs. Weston received the guests with the bridegroom's mother Mrs. Mitchell, who wore an embroidered pink satin cloak over a lace dress (she had flown from Sydney especially for the occasion) in the lofty and airy "petit salon" with its blue brocade walls. From here guests were able to stroll through the suite of cool reception rooms, all with fine brocaded walls and lovely chandeliers. A buffet had been arranged indoors, and chairs and little tables on the patio overlooking the terraced garden.

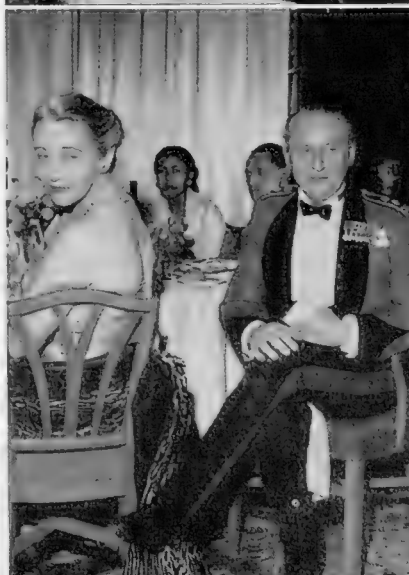
The bride and bridegroom chose to get married quietly in Cannes rather than have a big wedding in London, as so few of the bridegroom's friends could come from Australia, where he made his home and graduated as a F.R.C.S., before coming to work in London and then to New York, where he has been assistant to the brilliant Dr. Pack at the Pack Medical Group.

THIS was on all counts an outstandingly sincere and happy wedding, being as it was the occasion for a wonderful family reunion of Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Weston and their nine intelligent and attractive children; all the daughters have been university graduates, the bride having graduated at Stanford University, California, while the youngest daughter Camilla, is now a student at McGill. It was the first time they have all been together since their daughter Virginia's wedding to Mr. Richard Burton in Virginia U.S.A. in 1954. Mr. and Mrs. Burnett had come from Bermuda, Mr. Garry Weston from Sydney, Australia, and Mr. Grainger Weston from Texas where he is working. Their cousin Miss Jane Weston, who has become one of the best known radio commentators in Canada, flew over from Toronto, and another cousin, Miss Ivy Weston, from New York.

Friends of the family present included Professor Diana Neil from London University, Mrs. F. B. Bosworth, on her way back to London after a visit to Italy, and Mrs. Ferguson from Sydney; while three of

Mrs. R. W. Newsam and Sir  
John Macpherson

Mrs. John Profumo and  
Mr. Profumo



Gen. Sir Hugh and Lady  
Stockwell



Mrs. David Cole and Sir  
Gilbert Laithwaite

[Continued overleaf]





## FESTIVITY AT BLARNEY

MRS. JACK HILLYARD gave a coming-out dance for her daughter Miss Adrian Hamilton (above) at Blarney Castle, Co. Cork. Besides Irish friends many people travelled over from England to join the party

the bride and bridegroom's medical friends who had come out from London were Mr. George Pinker, Dr. John Morrison, and Dr. P. C. Ilbery from Sydney and their wives. When the young couple left for their honeymoon on the Italian Riviera, with the many good wishes of all their friends, the bride looked enchanting in a white suit with a big white hat. They are later returning to New York and at Christmas go back to Sydney, where they are going to make their home.

★ ★ ★

WHEN you are asked to buy a flag on October 1—"Their Day"—you will not refuse when you think for a moment what it is in aid of. On that day, flags will be sold on behalf of the Forces' Help Society and Lord Roberts's Workshops for the training and the employment of the severely disabled Ex-Servicemen and women, and for the Ex-Services Welfare Society for those who suffer in mind. So please help those less fortunate than yourself, by contributing a coin or, for those who can afford it, a note.

★ ★ ★

LADY CLUTTERBUCK, wife of the British Ambassador in Dublin, is President of a ball to be held in the Shelbourne Hotel ballroom, Dublin, on November 19. This ball is being held to raise funds for the Widows' Allowance Scheme of the British Legion Women's Section, Southern Ireland. Last year the ball organized here for this charity made a clear £400, and it is hoped that this year's result may be even better. Lady Carew is chairman of the ball committee which includes Mr. J. H. Cuninghame, the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Edward Boylan, the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet, Lady Harvey, wife of Sir James Harvey, Mrs. Roly Byers, Miss Dora Trumbull and Mrs. John F. Cunningham. The vice-presidents include the Countess of Rosse, the Countess of Mount Charles, Lady Beit, Lady Hartigan and Mrs. Telford. Tickets for the ball from the Honorary Secretary, Miss Dagmar Blake-Campbell, 55a Northumberland Road, Dublin.

★ ★ ★

LADY MANCROFT has once again taken on the chairmanship of the Annual Dinner and Ball at the Savoy to raise funds for the West Ham Boys' and Amateur Boxing Club, in which her husband takes such a great interest. The dinner-dance takes place on November 26 when the Marquess of Milford Haven, president of the club, will take the chair. The speakers will be General Sir Brian Horrocks, Mr. Kenneth Horne, Mr. Isaac Wolfson and Lord Mancroft, who is one of the wittiest after-dinner speakers in the country.

Without this annual dance the club could not carry on. It always raises a splendid sum (last year it was about £2,000 clear), and is run without any professional help while the expenses are kept to the minimum. This year it is hoped to raise even more money, with the particular object of having enough to start a summer camp. Tickets which are always sold out early, are obtainable from Lady Mancroft, 48 Montagu Square, W.1, or the Honorary General Secretary, Capt. David Myers, at the club's headquarters, Black Lion, High Street Plaistow, E.13.



Major Jack Hillyard and Mrs. Hillyard, the hostess



Miss Priscilla Newman dancing with Mr. Peter Dwyer



Mr. Richard Beamish with Mrs. Mervin Smith

L. Kennedy



# THE MACDOUGALLS' WOMAN CHIEFTAIN

IN Argyll, at Barcaldine Castle (right) overlooking Loch Creran, lives Mrs. MacDougall of MacDougall, 30th chief of her clan. She is the eldest daughter of the late Col. Alexander MacDougall and of Mrs. MacDougall, of Dunollie Castle, Oban, and in 1943 married Mr. Leslie Grahame Thomson the noted Scottish architect, who assumed the surname of MacDougall when his wife succeeded to the chieftainship in 1953



*Mr. Leslie Grahame MacDougall, husband of the chief, playing the piano in the great hall of the castle*



Brodrick Haldane

*The huge fireplace in the castle hall. Barcaldine was built in the 16th century by Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy, and it is still owned by the Campbells*



*The chief with her pet dog and antique spinning wheel. She served with the W.R.N.S. during the war*



## WHERE THE CORSAIRS ONCE SHELTERED

IT is ten years almost to a day since I first saw Brittany. We sailed over from Jersey, lay for a while in the anchorage at Dinard, and then ran slowly along the Emerald Coast, putting in at small harbours as the tides and the spirit moved us. At that time I learned that three weeks on a yacht can try the bonds of friendship severely (it has something to do with the confined space); that the sea off Brittany can be as warm as the Mediterranean (it has something to do with the Gulf Stream); and that there are no better shell fish in the whole wide world than those that Brittany provides. I do not know the reason for this but it is true, and it is equally true that there is no better drink than Muscadet to go with them, which—considering that Muscadet is the region's only classified wine—goes to show that Nature is a very wonderful thing.

There is a comfortable no-nonsense atmosphere about all things in Brittany. Both the land and the people seem to have that uncontrived simplicity which one likes to associate with our own West Country; and it is born, perhaps of the same things, of sunshine and rain in the right proportions, of strong winds and soft breezes, of a coast that is here all granite, stark and unyielding; here all green fields and pine trees and infinities of tide-washed sand.

THIS atmosphere seems also to engender a sound and sensible attitude in matters of taste. Two of the most renowned hotels of Brittany—the Julia at Port Manech and the Manoir du Stang at Fousenant—are quite innocent of extravagance or ostentation. Peace and quiet, good food and good wines and courteous service—these are to be found there, and many discriminating Frenchmen think they merit weekend visits all the way from Paris. Having sampled them myself, I understand.

On another such weekend I ate breakfast in a little café inside the great walls of St. Malo whose harbour basin and rebuilt town are seen on the right. Surcouf and Chateaubriand lived in this old corsair town.

Just across the bay, accessible by launch and by car ferry, is Dinard. It is a quiet, pretty, unpretentious town with an intimate understanding of the fads and fancies of the British visitors, who crowd the casino in the evenings, courting riches or ruin at twenty francs a time.

People have asked me what I thought of the dolmens. Now I dare say the fact is much to my discredit, but I have never seen a dolmen. What time had I for gazing at those gaunt, dead stones when at the Moulin de Rosmadec in Pont Aven there was a wine list which alone demanded half an hour of careful study? From it I was able to choose a genuine Montrachet '47 to keep company with a lobster and tarragon sauce—the second course of a dinner that I still remember with an almost idolatrous delight.

—Nigel Buxton









## ONE WOMAN PERFORMANCE

SINCE starting her "solo performances" in 1952 Miss Rosalinde Fuller has built for herself an appreciative audience here and in America where she has a contract to appear for three months annually. She adapts her own material from various writers, and she is seen (right) in a Guy de Maupassant story which she will act at a recital with Harold Scott at the Chenil Galleries, Chelsea, on September 20. Mr. Scott will be reviving some favourite memories from the *Cave of Harmony* and *Riverside Nights*



## Roundabout

**Paul Behn**

## THE DAY THAT FATE WORKED OVERTIME

THERE is a fable about a young man who so repeatedly kept being knocked down by a blow from Fate that, meeting Fate in the street one day, he asked: "Why do you keep knocking me down so unjustifiably?" "I don't know," said Fate, and knocked him down again.

Let me, in justice to Fate, tell the true story of how it was I who unwittingly made repeated attempts to retard the career of a still totally unknown young actor—and how Fate, parrying each of my successive blows, ended by deservedly securing him the star part in Anthony Asquith's new film, *Orders To Kill*.

I had just completed the screenplay for this then-uncast picture—about a young American's secret arrival on an assassinatory mission in Nazi-occupied Paris—when I found myself with half an hour to spare after a morning press show at the Carlton Cinema. With whom to drink? I raked the foyer for a genial fellow-critic, spotted one and would have hailed him had not

Fate whispered: "During the last twenty years, you have seen a great deal of your genial fellow-critics. Why not wait?" I waited; and there emerged, among the last ten leaving the auditorium, that equally genial executive film-producer, Dennis Van Thal, whom I normally meet about once a year. "Come and have a drink," I said.

He said alas, he couldn't. He had ten minutes to keep a luncheon date in distant Mayfair. Fate whispered: "Be impetunate," and I pressed him to take a quick one at the Carlton Bar next door. "Hurry, then," said Mr. Van Thal. So we hurried to the Carlton Bar and found it demolished.

WE stood among the scaffolding at the publess end of the Haymarket, with three of Mr. Van Thal's precious minutes gone. And at this point Fate reminded me that there was a pub at the *other* end of the Haymarket. "Run, then," said Mr. Van



Thal, and we ran to two gin-and-tonics—a large one for me, because I had time on my hands, and a small one for Mr. Van Thal who now had only four minutes left to get to Mayfair.

In mid-gin, one precious minute later, Fate reminded me that Mr. Van Thal had once been Korda's casting-director. Should I mention that Mr. Asquith and I had considered seven actors for the hero's rôle in our picture and had found them all, in one way or another, wanting? No, I thought, there isn't time. "Yes," said Fate. "There is."

"We want," I said rapidly, "a young American who must not only speak beautiful French but act well enough to 'carry' a picture where he will be on-screen for ninety-five per cent of the running-time."

"I recollect," replied Mr. Van Thal—glancing, appalled, at his watch—"a young actor who speaks good French, but he's not an American—he's a French-Canadian. As to carrying ninety-five per cent of the picture, I wouldn't know—because he's never appeared in even one per cent of one before. We have a film-test of him, if you'd like to see it."

I wrote down the young man's name and his telephone number on a cigarette packet; and that afternoon attended the press-show of so cataclysmically tedious a film that I smoked all my cigarettes, threw away the packet and forgot the actor's name. He hadn't sounded very promising, anyway.

Two days later, Fate joggled my dormant conscience. I rang Mr. Van Thal and arranged for the test to be shown to Mr. Asquith and myself. When we saw it, we knew instantly (with a simultaneous whoop of rapt conviction) that our own journey was ended and that Paul Massie's had just begun.

Mr. Massie, whose hobbies are sailing and skiing, is constitutionally strong. But if you will count the moments when (but for the intervention of Fate) he might still have been just another struggling unknown instead of starring for one of the three best directors in England, you will understand why—after I'd told him the story of his "discovery"—he very nearly fainted. You will find a picture of Mr. Massie on page 481.

★ ★ ★

RECENTLY I recalled my only other brush with Fate in a B.B.C. broadcast which asked listeners to help me lay a ghost.

For three rather frightening weeks, as an undergraduate at Oxford, I had been increasingly perturbed by the (coincidental?) recurrence in conversation and in books of the name of that arch-diabolist and black magician, the late Aleister Crowley—whom I had never met and didn't want to. The haunting culminated in my (accidentally?) discovering a piano with the name "Crowley" on the lid in an otherwise unfurnished lodging-house in Walton Street. A reputable Oxford piano shop told me that they knew of no such name.

I was aghast and remained so for a quarter of a century. But after the broadcast about forty listeners wrote and told me that in fact they still owned pianos made by a Mr. J. H. Crowley, who closed down his factory in the 1920s but who still (hale at the age of eighty) tunes a piano or two in Watford today.



At first I felt comforted. Then I began to wonder: what Power had "fixed" it that forty owners of such a little-known, rarely-found piano should all be simultaneously listening-in to the Light Programme that evening?

I FELT again the same twinge of unease which assailed me as a young reporter when I went down to Hove to interview that other great student of Black Magic, the late Dr. Montagu Summers—a bland, benign little man with light blue eyes, quilt-pink face and silver ringlets curling over the nape of his collar like anchovies.

"At the end of the Black Mass," he murmured equably, "the Devil himself appears."

"The conventional sort of Devil?" I asked. "Two horns and a tail?"

He looked at me with the shy conviction of an eyewitness. "Dear me, no, Mr. Dehn. No tail."



BRIGGS

by Graham



# A ROBINSON CRUSOE ABOUT THE HOUSE

*WE CAN, each one, when hard pressed—wives out playing bridge, children taking the dog for a walk—fend for ourselves. Which of us does not feel that he was born, if not with a silver spoon in his mouth, at least with a hammer in his hand? Below, some labour saving advice is offered by an experienced do-it-yourself addict*

I AM all for the "do-it-yourself" movement. In principle. I like the thought of millions of men—but preferably women—busying themselves with practical and rewarding hobbies. Sweeping their own chimneys with the "Sweepmaster Soot-o-kit," laying their own concrete, retiling their own roofs, and so on.

There's nothing like busy fingers for keeping us out of mischief. But at the moment I am *not* doing it myself. I am convalescing, rubbing my wounds, after the bitter disappointment of the bathroom cabinet, the buckram lampshades, and the loft ladder.

If I have a criticism of the do-it-yourself people it is that they expect too much of you, that is, "yourself." They expect you to behave exactly like a skilled craftsman, working steadily and efficiently, taking no risks, looking after your tools and never getting either violently enthusiastic or depressed about work-in-progress.

A GOOD painter downs tools at least fifteen minutes before knocking-off time. Then he cleans up, wipes his brushes thoroughly and suspends them in a solution of linseed oil and turps. A do-it-yourself painter works until he is exhausted, until it is dark and too late—licensing hours being what they are—to do more than throw his tackle into the garden shed.

That is why my garden shed is full of useless brushes and tins of paint. The brushes come in all sizes, all of them discoloured and revolting. Rigor mortis. The paint is solid, and embedded in it are pieces of wood ("Stir continually"), old handkerchiefs and lumps of earth. I enjoy do-it-yourself painting, but it is horribly expensive.

A professional craftsman knows exactly how much material a job will consume. My kind of do-it-yourself craftsman doesn't.

I READ an exciting article on "Uses For Hardboard," "Kill That Draught!" or Make The Most Of Your Loft," and promptly order all the paraphernalia mentioned. And because I am temperamentally liberal I order generously.

The result is that stretches of surplus hardboard lie under the bed and behind the piano, that miles of tacky draught-excluder are inextricably entwined round the cutter bars of the mower, and that the loft (it was going to be so useful) is full to the brim with material designed to convert lofts into elegant rumpus rooms.

This is not the place to describe my do-it-yourself attempt to improve the draught in the living-room fire, of the crowbar that got stuck half-way up the chimney, of the bricks that had to be removed and the chimneypiece dismantled. Fortunately the telephone was still in order, and it was but the matter of a moment to dial BRA33710.

He came round a day or two later with his mate. He tut-tutted. The bill came to £11 odd.

Discouraged? Not a bit of it. I still buy all the literature on do-it-yourself that I can lay hands on. And I make sure that my wife reads it.

—Bernard Hollowood



Illustration by F. W. Capon





Lady Sarah Fitzalan-Howard on Silverleaf seen  
with Major R. M. Burke



**THE PONIES OF BRITAIN** Club Annual Summer  
Show was recently  
held at the Royal Ascot racecourse, when the  
number of entries constituted a record. Miss Shiela  
Barnes (above) on Vanity VIII clears a jump when  
competing for the Ponies of Britain Challenge Cup



Mr. Michael C. Hughes driving Mr. J. Parlington's  
Marfleet Lady Fortune, with Mrs. Iris Gates

Van Hallan



The Duchess of Rutland chatting  
with Mr. R. S. Summerhays



Mr. Charles Cornell, one of the  
judges, and Mrs. Cornell

Col. and Mrs. C. R. Battiscombe,  
Mr. C. Battiscombe. Front: Mrs.  
G. Gibson, Miss P. Pacey

Julian Baird, Mrs. J. Baird,  
Miss Marietta Grazebrook and  
Lavinia Baird, who competed



## New York Letter

# PERIL FROM THE EAST

THE confirmation of the first case in New York of the new Asiatic flu from the Orient has touched off a wave of frenzied activity by the Health Department, who are trying to inoculate the armed forces and priority cases (doctors, nurses, transport, fire and police personnel) before the autumn brings the expected epidemic. While the newspapers paint lurid pictures of what could happen if we ignore their warnings to get inoculated at the first opportunity ("hospitals choked . . . doctors stricken . . . refuse in the streets . . . transportation at a stand-still") the pharmaceutical companies are issuing counter-warnings of equal gloom, stating firmly that even on their present round-the-clock production schedule, they cannot hope to have enough vaccine for more than one-third of America in time.

If the Salk vaccine muddle was any indication of health crises, everyone will soon be accusing everyone else of "negligence," while the poor old public, caught as it were between Scylla and Charybdis, faces the unattractive prospect of sneezing and wheezing its way through a feverish winter.

Meanwhile the theatre, both in and out of town, has been offering the perfect antidote to this gloomy outlook. An uproarious production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, starring Katharine Hepburn and Alfred Drake, has been drawing the crowds to Stratford-on-the-Housatonic, Connecticut. Taking the boldest and most successful liberties with Shakespeare, the producers have switched the locale of *Much Ado* from Italy to the Spanish-Mexico of one hundred and fifty years ago.

REUBEN TER ARTURUNIAN, the new designer, has seized this glorious opportunity with both hands. His riotously gay costumes, topped by flaring sombreros, smothered in rich embroidery, and swinging at every point with tassels, bobbles and fringe, show to the best advantage against his ultra-simple permanent set, which is an ingenious arrangement of movable louvred French blinds. Katie Hepburn, never an actress to underplay at the best of times, swaggers and swings through the comedy, making the rafters ring with her strident Yankee voice, backed magnificently by Alfred Drake.

A more modest venture which has been hailed by the critics and welcomed by the public is a touring troupe which plays Shakespeare in the city parks. With their collapsible stage and set mounted on a trailer-truck, these enterprising mummers produced by one Joseph Papp, have been giving first-rate productions of *Romeo And Juliet*, *Two Gentlemen Of Verona* and *Macbeth* in the five boroughs of New York City, to audiences who in many cases have never seen Shakespeare before, or, if they have, probably never liked it so well as in these elegant and full-blooded interpretations.

OUT on Long Island, where it seems the entire population of Manhattan flees, panting for breath, on weekends, open-air entertainment has also been the order of the day. At Southampton, this summer's most talent-studded party was given by Larry Rivers, one of America's most important *avant-garde* artists, to celebrate his thirty-fourth birthday and his winning of \$32,000 on the "\$64,000 Question" TV show. The combination of a brilliant moon and strings of Japanese lanterns in the trees was not sufficient illumination to prevent all sorts of surprises; Tennessee Williams materializing out of the shadows with a vast platter of hamburgers; Samuel Barber, who is working on his opera *Vanessa* for the Met next season (to be dressed by Cecil Beaton and directed by Menotti), hard at work behind the bar; Grace Hartigan, Lee Pollock (widow of Jackson Pollock whose brilliant artistic career was ended in an automobile accident last year), Gold and Fizdale, the new concert-piano team, Franz Kline, another new American painter, and other pioneers on the American cultural scene were all helping to entertain the guests. Surprisingly the cake was of conventional pink and white icing, with candles, which the more advanced artist-guests condemned as too degenerate for words!

—Robin Miller



F. J. Goodman  
MISS PATRICIA HIGHSMITH, here in the garden of her country cottage on the Hudson River near New York, is the brilliant authoress of the novel "Strangers On A Train"

G. Joseph  
EDWARD G. ROBINSON, the American film star who has parted with his fine collection of modern art, is here examining works in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art







*Kate Minogue and Russell Culpan, too young to race, mount guard on a starting gun*



*Jacqueline Sieger and Colin Hessian prepare Beauty for an event*

## OUTH ON THE DORSET COAST

YOUNG auxiliaries of the Royal Motor Yacht Club had a regatta of their own at Sandbanks, Poole, when they "satisfied the examiners" on all points. Above, Mrs. C. G. Ormiston sees off Paul and Jane Ormiston and Vicky Watts



*Jonathan J. Newton ties Anne Gordon's lifejacket*



*Patricia Osbourne and Rita Barratt on the quay*

Victor Yorke



*Martin and Gillian Minogue with Godfrey Davis*



*John Ketteringham, Anthony Clegg, Judith Share*

*Rosemary Bonham-Christie, who came in second in the rowing race*



## At the Theatre

## THE SKIPPING TECHNIQUE FOR THIN ICE



"A LONESOME ROAD" (Arts Theatre Club). This is the fashionable theatrical subject returning to roost on its own doorstep by having as the protagonist a playwright, whose agent (Hugh Moxey, top left) attempts to protect his client from the anger of the vicar (Kenneth Edwards). Below, the reason for the cleric's wrath is clear, for on the right his son and daughter (John Sherlock and Anna Barry) display affection, though in differing ways, for the unorthodox writer (Michael Atkinson). Drawings by Glan Williams



THE difficulty with plays on important social problems would seem to be that the authors feel obliged to approach the subject either like the old lady whose custom it was to whisper "Pigs Trotters for Sale," or in terms of an algebraical problem affecting those well-known figures Messrs. A, B, C and D.

*A Lonesome Road* now at the Arts Theatre Club uses both methods of approach to the question of homosexuality, and the result is an evening of frustration.

Here in text-book terms we have A, a young author who has just finished doing time for an offence of which he was admittedly guilty, and B, his hard-working percentage-hunting agent, who is not concerned with morality but in getting the typewriter moving again. He has arranged for A to live as anonymously as possible in a country cottage.

A, BEING (though I don't believe it in these days of twenty celebrities a night on TV) an exciting mystery figure in the village, is visited by C, the vicar's only daughter, a standard model of *ingénue* with no discernible individuality. She falls immediately for A and so unfortunately does D, her younger brother, who has very recently, it emerges, been expelled from school for the same nasty tendencies as A. What is Mr. B to do to save his literary property from further trouble? And what of E, the aged clerical parent?

Now if these questions were to be posed in terms of tangible characters, as in the case of *The Green Bay Tree*, there might be some serious interest in the solution, but here the authors, Messrs. Philip King and Robin Maugham, have failed to produce the vital alchemy.

At all essential moments the shadow of the Lord Chamberlain has prevented the protagonists from communicating with the audience except by unexplained emotional silences; these twisted souls might equally have been considering kleptomania or bad drains. Perhaps this is just as well. When the remainder of the cast speak there is enough material around from the *Place Cliché* to build an entire faubourg.

ACTORS and producer grappled with their own problems manfully, possibly a shade too much so in some cases. When the tale drifted into melodrama, which was the best of the evening, the chances were seized with commendable verve. Hugh Moxey as the agent handled his interview with the wretched boy in a powerful and convincing style, and Kenneth Edwards in a minor rôle as the father of the two lovelorn children created an entirely credible parson, not from his lines but from sheer force of personality. Michael Atkinson managed to make the author-pervert a shy, gauche figure, mercifully omitting the more obvious hallmarks of the type, and John Sherlock as the boy at least aroused sympathy for his inarticulate dilemma.

Miss Anna Barry did all that could be done for the *ingénue* and she can be offered nothing but respectful condolences.

But what a pity it all is. The Arts has been for years the best of our club theatres, equipped in workmanlike style, and possessing a large membership of intelligent theatre-lovers. Now it is wasting its energy and the skill of good actors on the irretrievably second-rate.

There is an excellent little restaurant in the club as part of the amenities. I feel sure the caterer is rarely deceived about the quality of the raw material he purchases. Perhaps he could be induced to advise the rest of the management on basic principles, with a short lecture on the selection of ham to begin.

—George Gulley

ANN HORN is the principal ballerina of the Ballet Rambert which flew to Moscow recently on its way to Peking, where the company begins a two months' tour of China. This visit is the first of a British company to China. Right, Miss Horn as the Girl in the Black Dress from Walter Gore's *Winter's Night*. Photograph by Mike Davis







Miss Sarah Wilson  
with Mr. Michael M.



Miss Serena Farnley-White  
on the staircase with Mr. R.



## A DEBUTANTE DANCE IN YORKSHIRE



HISTORIC Newburgh Priory, at Coxwold, York, was the setting for the dance which Mrs. J. H. Goodhart gave for her debutante daughter, Miss Diana Goodhart. It was lent for the occasion by Capt. and Mrs. Malcolm Wombwell, who also had a house party for this gay event. To accommodate the large number of guests, a large marquee was set up in the grounds, and dancing took place here and in a special dance floor on the lawn, which was lit by Chinese lanterns. Another much appreciated feature of this well organized ball was the barbecue. Above is Miss Diana Goodhart with her mother, while (left) Capt. Goodhart, her father, is seen with Mrs. Malcolm Wombwell

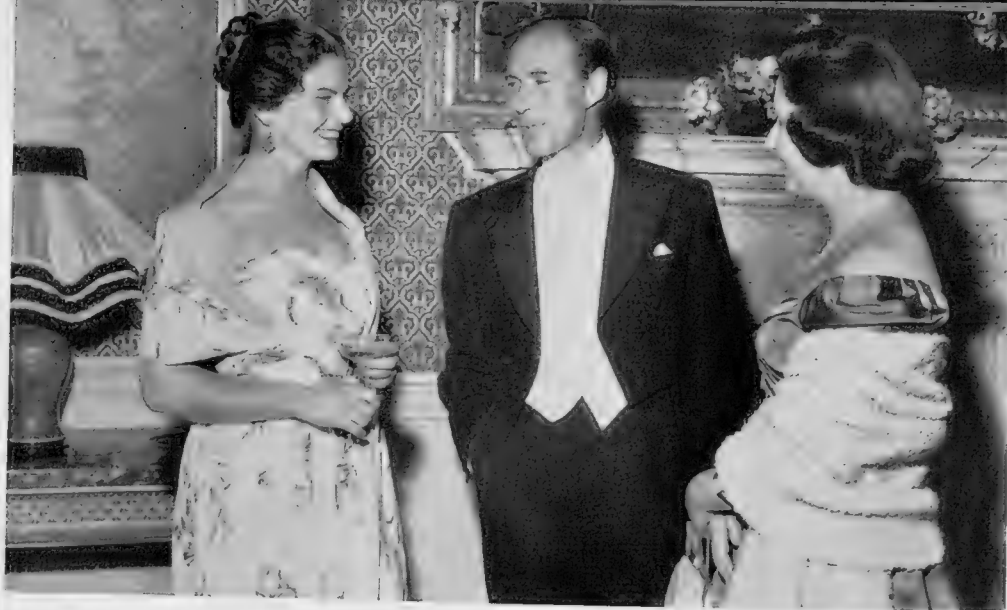






*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
SEPT. II,  
1957  
479*

*Miss Merle Ropner in com-  
pany with Mr. G. Gardner*



*Miss Gillian Turton talking to Mr. David Weston  
and Miss Mary Ann Gretton*



*Mrs. M. Burgess and Miss Victoria  
Ashbury sitting out in the marquee*



*Mr. R. Assheton, Miss K.  
Worsley and Mrs. R. Dean*



*Miss Rosemary Platt dancing  
with Mr. Julian Pardoe*

*Miss Virginia Aked and her father, Mr. Leslie  
Aked, before one of the fine pictures*

*Miss Virginia Aked and her father, Mr. Leslie  
Aked, before one of the fine pictures*

*Miss Monica Von Batocki and Mr. Julian Mardon  
were having refreshments in the dining-room*

*Van Hallan*





SHIPBOARD ENCOUNTER. While rescuing a small passenger, Cary Grant meets Deborah Kerr in *An Affair To Remember*

BRINK OF DISASTER. Judy Holliday as a mother-to-be in the comedy *Full Of Life*, surveying with alarm a shattered floor



## At the Pictures

# KISSES OF YESTERYEAR

I DO not know why it is that *An Affair To Remember* lacks the full, sweet enchantment of *Love Affair*, for it is an eminently faithful re-make of that romantic piece over which we smiled and sighed and shed a secret tear in 1939. It is directed by the same sensitive hand—Mr. Leo McCarey's—and still contains some of the best-written, oblique dialogue ever heard on a soundtrack. Mr. Cary Grant, Miss Deborah Kerr and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt appear in the rôles created by M. Charles Boyer, Miss Irene Dunne and Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya—and display a civilized charm equal to that of their prototypes: the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars.

The present film, in CinemaScope and Eastman Colour, is half an hour longer than the original—which may account for its seeming so much slower, so much more attenuated. But perhaps the real trouble is that the story dates as belonging to a more leisurely epoch—the days before a second great war destroyed any lingering illusion of security and taught us the stern lesson that nobody has all the time in the world at their disposal for the pursuit of happiness.

Aboard the luxury liner on which he is travelling to America to marry a multi-millionairess, Nickie Ferrante (Mr. Grant), a notorious Lothario, meets Terry McKay (Miss Kerr), an ex-cabaret singer whom a rich Texan has for some years been lavishly supporting with a view to matrimony, as soon as his divorce comes through.

THEY are mutually attracted—and one doesn't have to be Nickie Ferrante's grandmother (Miss Nesbitt) to foresee that they will fall in love. By the time they reach New York, Ferrante has asked Terry to marry him and she has agreed—stipulating only that they shall not see one another for six months, while they sort out their respective entanglements. They will meet on July 1 at the top of the Empire State Building.

Ferrante, who has set about making a living as an artist keeps the appointment. Terry, who has returned to cabaret does not: on her way to their rendezvous she has been run over by a passing car and whisked into a hospital from which she is to emerge crippled.

Months go by and Terry, now supporting herself in a modest flat by teaching singing to East Side waifs, makes no attempt to communicate with Ferrante: it would be unfair, she feels, to hold him to his promise of marriage. He, assuming she has returned to her Texan, does not try to find her. Their high-mindedness, though admirable, unconsciously delays the happy ending—but do wait for it: Miss Kerr, gallantly suppressing emotion, and Mr. Grant, subtly conveying it, can scarcely fail to touch even the most impatient of you in the final scene.

HAVING been warned that *Full Of Life* was a comedy about a young married couple, Miss Judy Holliday and Mr. Richard Conte, expecting their first baby, I approached it with considerable misgiving—which proved to be totally unjustified. It is often very funny and never at any time indelicate. Miss Holliday wears her maternity garments and the contours of advanced pregnancy with unrockable aplomb—and though she complains that "having a baby takes so long, you forget why it seemed a good idea in the first place," she obviously regards it as the most natural thing in the world. So, indisputably, it is.

When Miss Holliday falls through the termite-riddled floor of her kitchen, she suggests to her husband that, for reasons of economy, his Italian father, a stone-mason, be called in to repair it. "My father is a monster," says Mr. Conte. "How can you





PAUL MASSIE, the young actor whose discovery is related in "Roundabout" (p. 471), seen as he appears in *Orders To Kill*

say such a thing—he's sweet and warm," protests Miss Holliday. "O.K. he's a sweet and warm monster," says Mr. Conte. And, as exuberantly played by Signor Salvatore Baccaloni, that's what he turns out to be—a blustering, bibulous, golden-hearted old butterball who tears their home apart but puts their marriage on a firmer foundation.

Mr. Conte, essaying comedy for the first time, is enormously likeable—Miss Holliday, wise, tolerant and good-humoured, is irresistible. Expertly directed by Mr. Richard Quine, this is a happy little film.

ADAPTED by M. Jean-Paul Sartre from Mr. Arthur Miller's play, *The Crucible*, *The Witches Of Salem* is both sombre and startling. The setting is a rigidly puritanical community in Massachusetts—the period 1692. A farmer's wife (Mlle. Simone Signoret) who has sternly denied her husband (M. Yves Montand) his conjugal rights finds him making love to their young servant (Mlle. Mylene Demongeot). She dismisses the girl, who vows she will have her revenge. To this end she plunges into witchcraft.

Under the leadership of a Negress, she and other young girls meet at night in the woods to work themselves into a state of hysteria with wild incantations, frenzied dances and strange blood rites. Their practices are discovered by the appalled village elders. As the punishment for witchcraft is death, the girls claim to be possessed of devils visited upon them by sorcerers whom they will readily denounce. The superstitious villagers, eager to believe their children innocent, accept the explanation: the hysterical girls denounce whom they please, the witch-hunt is on and the community gripped by a mass hysteria that only a human sacrifice can cure. Three people accept martyrdom—among them the farmer, a man (as M. Montand makes clear) capable of true nobility.

M. Raymond Rouleau, directing, lets the film march at an ominously measured tempo to its painful conclusion. The new French star, Mlle. Demongeot, makes my blood run cold: over her perfectly angelic face an expression of absolute evil flits like a shadow from hell.

—Elspeth Grant

IN "THE SEVEN THUNDERS," a tale about occupied France, James Robertson Justice is a doctor with a vital secret to keep



## Book Reviews

# SAVOURY STRATAGEMS

**O**CCASIONS, and How to Rise to Them" could be an alternative title for **Thoughts For Food** (Museum Press, 15s.). This witty more-than-cookery-book takes care not only of the dishes to come to table but also of the *mise en scène* of the party, and of its purpose—avowed or otherwise. The authors, Cecily Finn and Joan O'Connor, assume that few of us, these days, entertain for no reason at all: the slight if pleasurable effort involved in producing a lunch or dinner—most of all if the host or hostess be also cook!—usually furthers some worthy cause. The basic wish (let us hope) is to give pleasure. Let us face it, however, that other intentions may enter in!

Just as flowers, charmingly, speak a language, there is also the more concrete language of food. Menu-planning can, and should, be expressive—*what* it is to express, let us each be clear. *Thoughts For Food* begins by classifying occasions, as follows: Family, Love, Business, Social, Climate, Health, Emergency. These headings established, we rip ahead. Your reviewer, who cannot endure cooking, finds this book more impish, more sympathetic and more acute, psychologically, than many a novel.

The Family section, for instance, includes the following: "Dinner for Bachelor Brother's Entanglement (Undesirable). Aim; to intimidate the lady by the virtuosity of your meal. . . . Setting: rather daunting." Also, "Dinner given by Bachelor Girl to Future Mother-in-law (Widowed). Aim: to make her understand, once and for all, that she has not lost a son but gained a daughter. This will call for much tact, as son has probably been widowed mother's sole prop and joy. . . . Setting: embroidered mats on well-polished table." Also, "Luncheon for Aunt (Lonely and Impoverished.) Aim: to make her feel she is an interesting and amusing guest and to give her a delicious meal which she can always reciprocate without worrying about the cost. . . . Setting: the flower-embroidered table mats with ladies in crinolines that she probably gave you for a wedding present. . . ." (*Crème Parmentier, Cod à la Portugaise, Cherry Mousse*, coffee, well fill this bill. The wealthy aunt, on the page before, gets halibut—for reasons candidly shown.)

**T**HE love section envisages every amorous, would-be amorous, sub-amorous and ex-amorous situation in eloquent gastronomic terms; and takes in, also, phases of matrimony. The man you hope to marry eats fried scampi, succeeded by chicken in cider, off a round table close to a glowing fire, with a lace cloth, red roses and candlelight. The platonic friend, giving signs of incipient passion it becomes necessary to damp down, is given *oeufs en gelée* and trout Grenoblaise, in a setting with a "leaning towards the frigid. . . . The room should be well lit and not overheated—in fact, a slight draught might have a discouraging effect." The dinner for a new love, an old love and the old love's new love should be (if nothing slips up) a masterpiece. First course, gin and passion fruit cocktail; setting, "strictly glossy magazine." Aim, it need hardly be said, "very complicated."

The "business" pages reach, I think, their peak in the irresistible dinner for an angry client; and "Social" with the literary luncheon—heaven help and defend us wandering authors! "Climate" caters with equal tact for the heat wave and the cold spell (for the latter, Goose Monteverde, and make it spicy!). "Health" takes in slimming-fanatic women friends, and projects a luncheon for a dyspeptic publisher. "Emergency" has in mind burst pipes (in spite of which one must eat), the unexpected return of guests (already said goodbye to) from an airport, and a wet-day holiday hideous with ramping children.

All the food suggested, for whatever occasion and whatever strategic purpose, sounds to me absolutely delicious. The recipes are lucid, the directions straightforward. Timing (for a cook-hostess very important) has been worked out closely; and at the end of the book are listed, usefully, "basic preparations." *Thoughts For Food* should appeal not only to recipe collectors. I mean to keep it myself as a bedside book.



Mark Gerson

JOHN AND PENELOPE MORTIMER who have just published "With Love And Lizards" (Michael Joseph, 15s.), the story of a Continental holiday with their six children

ZULU WITCHDOCTOR, an illustration from "The Quest For Africa" by Heinrich Schiffrers (Odhams, 25s.), which vividly traces the opening-up of this forbidding continent







HORACE WALPOLE'S marble eagle, from "A Book Of Birds And Beasts" by Dorothy Margaret Stuart (Methuen, 30s.), a record of those members of the animal kingdom which have appealed uniquely to the imaginations of men

DOSTOEVSKY, perhaps the most formidable of the nineteenth-century Russian genius novelists, left us one lesser-known story—**The Double**, which now appears in a first-rate English translation by George Bird (Harvill Press, 12s. 6d.). This tale of a nervous, meek little civil servant, beset by a bumptious stranger who wears his image, is of timeless interest—and terrible probability! There are Yakov Petrovich Golyadkins, I fancy, in almost all teeming government offices: while one would hesitate to declare that all minor civil servants are round the bend, it seems not unlikely that many may be. The scene, in this case, is imperial St. Petersburg; the original publication date of *The Double* was 1846.

Here and there, what is brought to mind is Jekyll-and-Hyde. But *The Double*, unlike the Stevenson horror story, is throughout comic. Persecution mania, to which poor little Golyadkin was, clearly, prone, has seldom bred a drama of such absurdity (though, at the same time, touchingness). The roaring high tempo of the story makes one see why Dostoevsky—later so purely tragic—was at the outset of his career compared to his full-blooded fellow-novelist Gogol. The portraits of sly clerks, pompous functionaries, and of Petrushka, Golyadkin's awful man-servant, are memorable. So are the scenes at parties. The climax comes when our hero, having written his persecutor some stern letters, finally threatens him with a duel. Can a man let a pistol off at his other self?

★ ★ ★

MARGARET MILLAR, of Canadian origin and detective-story repute in at least two continents, maintains her high standard in **The Soft Talkers** (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.). The central scene is Toronto, and the within-reach country of woods and lakes into which business men disappear for fishing weekends. Ron Galloway differs from the norm in that he disappears for good: taking off, one evening, from his nice home, he fails to check in at the luxury lakeside shack where old friends—good guys every one of them—are awaiting him.

That Ron has had an affair with his best friend's wife, and that a child is to come of it, transpires. Thelma, the tubby seductress, is in fact inferior to Ron's own wife, the sharp-tongued but big-hearted Esther. One comes to know this Toronto group so well that all that they say and do keenly matters. Exceedingly startling, therefore, is the *real* truth—laid bare in a Californian epilogue. Miss Millar, I have no doubt, will continue to excel herself: all the same, *The Soft Talkers* should be hard to better.

—Elizabeth Bowen



Mark Gerson

**HUGH TREVOR-ROPER**, the new Regius Professor of History at Oxford, photographed at his house with his wife, Lady Alexandra Trevor-Roper, daughter of the first Earl Haig. His books, including *The Last Days Of Hitler* and *Hitler's Table Talk* have brought him wide recognition. In the background of this picture can be seen Christ's College







Michel Molinare

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

THE Paris scene this season is devoid of the sou'wester hat, and in its place the milliners have designed large, furry, trapper hats, helmets, turbans, tulle meringues from Lanvin-Castillo and, from Dior, sailor hats. Also from Dior came delightfully pretty and frivolous creations, as shown here. He has created (opposite) from two large black ostrich feathers upon a tiny skull cap of black satin a truly charming head decoration. Above, white feathers have been chosen, and plumes cascade to either side of the face

## PARIS DECREES A FEATHERY LURE



1



2





Michel Molinare

3  
**1** Svend's back-draped Phrygian cap is in black felt and it hides the hair completely from sight. On the side a large yellow daisy provides contrast

**2** A little black disc in black satin worn straight on the forehead, from Svend. It is completed by a ribbon, diamante crest and spotted half-veil

**3** Also in black felt is this hat from Svend. It curves wide at the sides and dips low to the nape of the neck. Trimmed with a posy of flowers



Michel Molinare



THE pace of today's living leaves little time to spare for coping with the swathes and furbelows once so popular. Instead simplicity of line is everywhere sought, and whether to grace a dinner party, visit the theatre or go to a cocktail party the choice is most often for such slender, flattering dresses as shown here, from the new Autumn Collections

## EMPHASIS ON SLENDERNESS

In black wool crepe, Roter's narrow dress (above) has a straight slit neck, tiny half sleeves and scarf-end draping under the bust. Price approx. 20 gns. at Anne Gerrard, W.1, and Bright's of Bristol. Polly Peck's black wool chemise-top sheath with a draped overskirt (top right) costs 12 gns. at Cresta Silks, Bond St.; Diana Warren, Blackpool



Roter's steel grey silk jersey dress (right) slims into a narrowing V-buttoned front panel. It has a wide rounded boat neck. From Anne Gerrard, Bruton St., and J. R. Taylor, St. Annes-on-Sea. Approx. 30 gns.

Dress and jacket (below, left) in light navy blue romana crystal. The cropped jacket with wide standaway collar is held at the waist by a belt. By Rembrandt. Price 14½ gns. at Peter Jones, Sloane Square; Griffin and Spalding, Nottingham. Mid-October

This slender Lurex brocade cocktail dress (below, right) with its high straight neck and sarong draped skirt is by Polly Peck. Price 15 gns. at Galeries Lafayette, Regent St., W.1, and Brindley's of Derby



CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK

## LITTLE WOOL DRESS

THESE two wool dresses by Swyzerli, in smooth double-knit jersey, are elegant and warm enough to go without coats now, and will be perfect under topcoats on colder days. Left, light navy with grosgrain band and belt, 19 gns., Marshall and Snelgrove, W.1, and Copland and Lye, Glasgow. Red velvet cloche £15 19s., necklace 92s. 6d., ear-rings 29s. 6d. Right, tailored dress in stone jersey, 24 gns., Marshall and Snelgrove, London and Scarborough. Grey velvet cap, £12 19s. 6d., bracelet 8½ gns., mink tie 45 gns. All accessories from Marshall and Snelgrove, London







This decorative "wigwam" birdcage is completed by the inclusion of a chenille French budgerigar. Obtainable from Harrods for £3 19s. 6d.

## Invention turns to the light

*THE shorter evenings make us aware that we must prepare for winter. This year, we promise ourselves, our lighting will be just as we want it, and to help us come these fresh contemporary designs*

—JEAN CLELAND

Three light metal standards with central plant pot, £6 6s. Large shade, 3 gns.; small, £1 7s. 6d.

French tiled table with floor standard attached, £10 10s.; black shade, £3 19s. 6d., from Harrods

This Siamese pink metal floor standard is priced at £3 3s., and the shade is 6 gns. Harrods





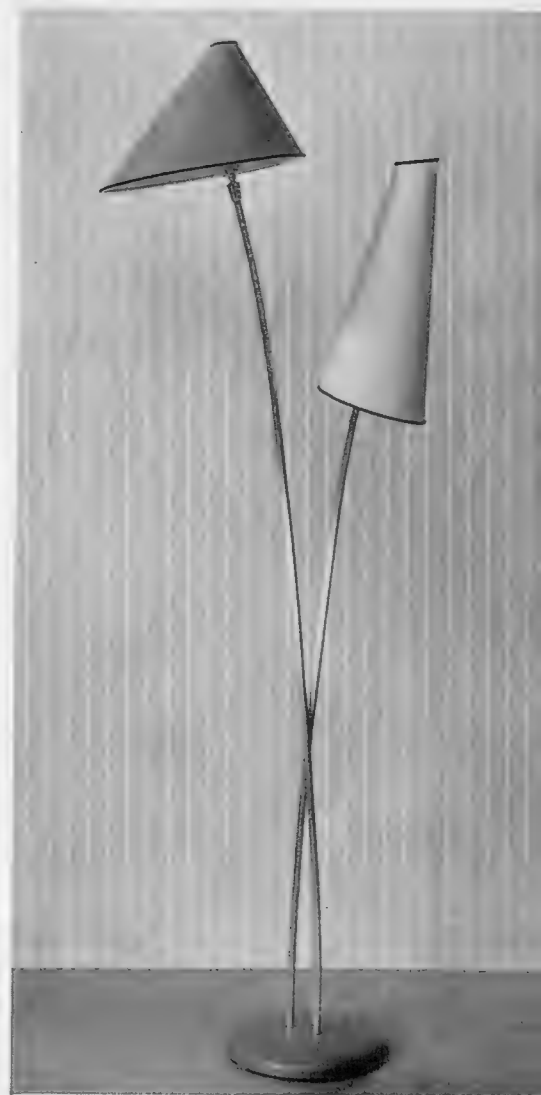
Left: table lamp, called "Laughing Face," in the new French tall style. It has a cone raffia shade and is obtainable for £15 15s. from Harrods

In painted china, obtainable in various colours, comes this table lamp of French design. Its price is £7 7s. "Coolie" shade, £1 5s. 6d. Harrods



Left: two-light bracket, £2 11s. 7d., frosted bulbs 3s. each. Black and gilt metal table lamp, £2 15s. 6d. Swedish shade costs £1 19s. 6d. at Harrods

A two-light floor standard with Taiho laminated on card shades. The scuttle shade is on a moveable ball joint. The whole is priced at £14 14s. At Harrods



Dennis Smith



Short side hair dressed in a forward flick (left) by Xavier of Knightsbridge. The hair divides from the crown; the top portion being brushed forward in a "little boy" fringe



Autumn day hair style by Evansky (right), "Leaf Cap." It fits snugly under close-fitting hats, but is sufficiently long for evening wear. A fringe is worn



French of London brushes the hair sleekly back (upper left) twisting it into a short plait. For a romantic evening (left) he wraps the hair smoothly round, turning to the back with three chignon twirls



Evansky has devised the "Swan's-tail Cloche." The hair is brushed up and across from an off-centre parting. It then comes off the temples in waves which smoothly cover up the ears



## Beauty

# Styled for youth

EVERY now and then the same question crops up with subsequent argument. Who, as regards beauty culture (care of the skin, the figure and the hair), is most in need of advice, the young girl or the older woman? The older woman says, "I am at an age when I need help," and being of the same vintage, I heartily agree. The young girl, on the other hand, says with unconscious irony, "I am at the age when it matters."

Like autumn and spring, each has its own special beauty, and its own problems. The really important thing is to make the best of each season as it comes along. This week my article is for youth, prompted by a lovely collection of new hair styles specially designed for the young. If you study them you will see that, though they look cunningly simple, the hair in each case is beautifully cut, which goes to prove what I have always said, that "the cut's the thing."

If you cannot afford to have your hair professionally shampooed regularly, never mind. Go as often as you can, and do it yourself in between times. When it comes to cutting, this is a different story. This must be done by an expert. If the shape is right, you can do what you like as regards changing the style, and your hair will always look attractive.

FRENCH of London stresses the importance of what he calls "designed disorder." This is a good summing up of hair styles for the young. It means skilful basic shaping with a style created to look casual and natural. "A twenty year old," says French, "should not attempt to look sophisticated. In the evening she can be a little dramatic, which is one of the reasons that I advise her to have shoulder-length hair. This can so easily be re-arranged and re-dressed. Look in the glass," he tells his young clients, "and experiment. Try your hair this way and that. If the cut is right you won't upset it. Try a flower or a jewel for the evening, and watch the effect."

According to French of London, the newest look for young girls is the "Bang" or "Hide-a-brow" look as shown in his photographs. So to be in the fashion, you should have a fringe. That is if it suits you. Otherwise forget it. The style to go for is the style that is most becoming for you.

—Jean Cleland



*Counties*

Mendip in Tamarack  
or London Tan calf 69/11

*Seeba*

Benita in black or  
Bourbon brown calf

65/11

shoes for a fair lady...

The elegance of a more gracious age is brought to you by Holmes of Norwich, the people who understand fashion. Their autumn courts have a delicate point to the toe... a finely-moulded heel—sheer flattery to your feet!

*Holmes*

in black suede with  
grosgrain bow 5 gns



Made by Holmes of Norwich—who understand fashion and court shoes



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#### SKIN CARE

**Protective Foundation Creams** to safeguard and protect the natural acidity of your skin, including one for Acne skins. Ten shades.

**Fluid Creams** particularly easy to apply, keeps your skin soft and smooth, holds your powder and is completely invisible on the skin. Eight Shades.

**Allegresse** for skins lacking in moisture.

**Souplesse** a very special foundation, will soften and smooth the most flaky, dry or super sensitive skins. In natural cream colour.

#### MAKE-UP

**Supple Foundation** the new answer to the modern woman's demand for perfection. Supple Foundation is covering and equally lovely worn with or without powder—used sparingly it is almost invisible; built up it will hide broken veins and skin blemishes. In every case it gives the skin a lovely appearance. Seven shades.

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**Conquête** fine, transparent, non-drying, never streaks, stays fresh all day.

**Velours** fine, more covering, ideal for evening wear. Special shades in both powders for florid complexions and sallow skins. Thirty-two shades.

**ROUGE** Creamy in texture and so natural looking. Special colours to hide broken veins. Twenty-eight shades.

**EYESHADOW** In three different textures for day, afternoon and evening. Exquisite colours (including gold) with two to lighten dark eyelids. Fourteen shades.

**MASCARA** Waterproof, natural, lovely colours to choose from with every one enhancing the beauty of the eyes. Ten shades.

**LIPSTICKS** Brilliant smooth, flattering, luminous and so good for dry lips. Twenty-nine shades.

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NEO-SATIN lipstick has tenacity and is stable on the lips; it is lasting and very beautiful

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IS PARIS FASHION NEWS

**LANCÔME**

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Miss Patricia Chauvel, who is the eldest daughter of the French Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and of Mme. Jean Chauvel, of Kensington Palace Gardens, London, W.8, recently announced her engagement to M. Pierre Schoendoerffer, the son of the late M. Georges Schoendoerffer, and of Mme. Schoendoerffer, of Paris

Lenore



Miss Pauline Mary Cleary, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. M. J. Cleary, of The Gables, Grindleford, Derbyshire, is to marry Mr. Thomas George Eagleton West, the only son of Sir Harold and Lady West, of Ecclesfield, near Sheffield

Dassano



Miss Ann Comyn Boucher, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rex C. Boucher, of Milstead Manor, near Sittingbourne, Kent, has announced her engagement to Mr. Peter Edward Dyas, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Dyas, of Leamhalls, Stockton, Shifnal, Salop

Fayer

## THEY ARE ENGAGED



Harlip

Miss Sophia Pouncefort Duncombe, only daughter of Sir Everard Pouncefort Duncombe, Bt., and Lady Pouncefort Duncombe, of Brickhill Manor, Bletchley, Bucks, is to marry Mr. Archibald Evariste Yuill, of Sloane Gdns., S.W.1, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Yuill, of the Grand Hotel, Torquay



Vane

Miss Ruth Gueterbock, daughter of the late Col. Sir Paul Gueterbock, and of Lady Gueterbock of Rookwoods Farm, On-the-Holy-Brook, Oakridge, Glos, is to marry Lieutenant Robin Chavasse, R.N., son of the late Mr. A. L. G. Chavasse and of Mrs. M. Shingler, of The Old Mill House, Adderbury, Oxfordshire



Yevonde

Miss Honor Rosemary Boucher, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boucher, of Warlands, Newbridge Hill, Bath, has announced her engagement to Mr. Antony Charles Beresford Chancellor, who is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Beresford Chancellor, of Drawback House, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire



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offers a degree of safety, comfort and  
performance that is beyond the  
experience and perhaps even the imagination  
of the majority of the world's motorists*

*"The Autocar"*



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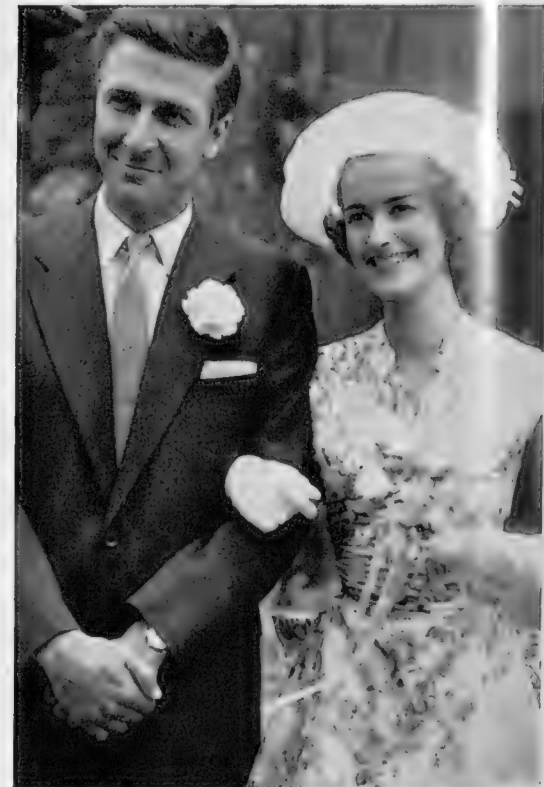


**Ogilvie—Annesley.** The marriage took place recently of Mr. Douglas Farquhar Ogilvie, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Douglas Ogilvie, of Pitmuies, by Forfar, Angus, to Miss Margaret Elizabeth Annesley, daughter of Mr. Gerald Annesley, of Castlewellan, Co. Down, N. Ireland, and of Lady Elizabeth Gilchrist, of Durley, Hants, at the Chelsea Royal Hospital Chapel

## RECENTLY MARRIED

**Maguire—Cremin.** Mr. Peter Maguire, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Conor Maguire, recently married Miss Ann Cremin, the eldest daughter of the Ambassador for the Republic of Ireland, Mr. Cornelius Cremin, and Mrs. Cremin, at St. James's, Spanish Place

**Houghton-Berry—Benson.** Capt. Bernard Vivian Houghton-Berry, the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, son of Mr. and Mrs. V. F. Houghton-Berry, of Charnwood, Chalfont St. Giles, married Miss Ann Trevor Benson, the elder daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Benson, of Government House, Lusaka, N. Rhodesia, at St. Jude's, Courtfield Gardens, London, S.W.5



**Collins—Robertson.** Lt. F. A. Collins, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Collins, of Forster Road, Beckenham, Kent, married Miss Elizabeth Rayne Robertson, elder daughter of Mr. James Bryan Robertson and of Mrs. Richard Lea, of Beverly, Romford, Essex, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brompton

**Varian—Hunter.** At All Saints' Church, Holbeach, Lincs, Mr. Charles Keith Robertson Vartan, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Ronald Hepworth Vartan, of Hucknall, Nottinghamshire, married Miss Kay M. A. Hunter, who is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. A. Hunter, of Holbeach, Lincolnshire

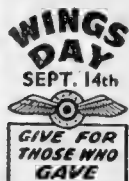
**Mills—Skliros.** Mr. Kim Mills, son of the late Mr. Tom Mills and of Mrs. Mills, of Odiam Cottage, Stone-in-Oxney, Kent, and Abbey Road, N.W.8, married Miss Jane Skliros, daughter of Mrs. Cora Skliros and the late Mr. Skliros, of Melton Court, S.W.7, at the Church of St. Paul's, Onslow Square



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motoring—



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real leather upholstery,  
polished walnut veneer facia panel  
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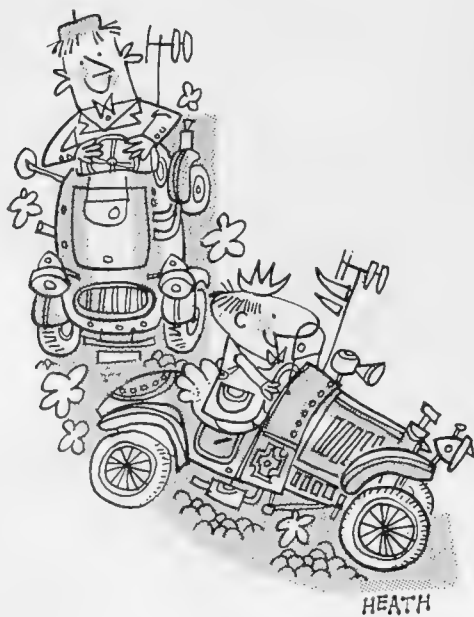
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FORD has introduced in the Edsel its first completely new design since the Mercury many years ago. Breaking away from current U.S. designs it has a vertical radiator grill and horizontal tail light fairings. Internally it incorporates push-button gears, self-compensating brakes and a heater, defroster and ventilator

## Motoring

# THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE



### The R.A.C. suggests . . .

Your motoring will be much more pleasant if your driving position is a comfortable one. To slump behind the wheel brings quick fatigue and impairs road-vision.

If your car is old and the seats worn and sagging, the fault can be rectified by placing blocks of wood or metal under the runners of the driving-seat, thus raising it to the original level.

If your car is new, but fitted with bench-seats which you are not happy with, there are on the market arm-rests which are easily fitted over the squab of the seat to give you armchair driving.

It is a fair bet that what the Americans do today, we shall do tomorrow. It happens in so many things that, however humiliating it may be to national pride, it must be accepted. Only the most accomplished and original British entertainers dare to offer themselves for engagements in variety without some semblance of an American accent and the American idiom is almost all-pervasive.

In motoring the Americans have some right to dictate fashion for, although they are incapable of making a Grand Prix racing car or even a high performance sports car, their factories are supremely competent engineering concerns. They do produce thoroughly sound barouches.

Thus a good deal of interest centred upon the new Ford Edsel, which is now available in no fewer than eighteen models and four series. The specification was looked upon by many people as a sure guide to the way in which development will go in this country. The first point to note is a continuation of the trend towards ever higher engine powers; for the Edsel cars are fitted with engines delivering either 303 or 345 brake horse power according to the model—about ten times the power of many British small cars.

Then we have automatic transmission with finger-tip selector on the steering wheel and that frequently heralded but not so often achieved feature, "self-adjusting brakes." Apart from its high power, there seems to be nothing particularly notable about the power unit. Great attention has been paid to internal gadgetry, so as to give the driver the illusion that he is conducting a supremely complicated piece of machinery without actually making him do anything.

There can be little doubt that the Edsel cars will be sought after all over the world, for they represent the American way of motoring and, as I said at the beginning, that is the way the peoples of almost all other countries try to follow. It is equally certain that the cars will perform well in service and give a beautifully smooth, easy ride.

Their appearance will also influence the appearance of other cars. Here I must quote without comment the official document. "The Edsel vertical grille," it says, "combined with an inner chrome impact ring and crisp horizontal sections on either side give an easily identifiable look of quiet elegance from blocks away. The concave sculptured sides have . . . a look of fluid motion and power."

Lincoln Cars Limited of the Great West Road are the distributors for the United Kingdom and I would say that the new Edsel is going to keep them busy for months.

I like dogs as well as the next man, and so I welcome the orders made by the Barnes Borough Council and the Eastwood Urban District Council. These make it an offence for anyone to let a dog be on certain named roads without being held on a lead.

Some grimly efficient dog-owners claim that their dogs are so firmly under control that there is never any need to put them on the lead; that they will never disobey an order. The claim is rarely justified. Dogs, like children, are subject to occasional overriding impulses. I had the horrible experience not long ago of going to open a farm gate on one side of the road and seeing on the other side a dog, which had come to know me, dashing into the road to welcome me while at the same instant I heard a vehicle coming round the bend on the right. By the greatest good fortune and the fact that the driver was going slowly and was alert, the dog was only slightly bumped; but for me it was an unforgettable lesson. The new orders will be good for motorists—and good for dogs!

Centrifugal clutches have many ardent supporters. In the Armstrong Siddeley cars they have earned good opinions from many owners. Yet paradoxically enough the growth in popularity of fully automatic transmissions has temporarily set back the development of centrifugal clutches. Now there are signs of a swing back to them. Leyland, for instance, have now put their centrifugal clutch into quantity production. It disengages at engine speeds of less than 500 revolutions a minute.

For traffic driving the centrifugal clutch is ideal. It enables the car to be moved away smartly from rest without any action other than the depression of the accelerator pedal. It seems less "spongy" in the take-up than most fluid couplings and—according to Leyland—it is less likely to affect adversely the fuel consumption of the vehicle.

—*Oliver Stewart*





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MARIO TRAPANI beside the original 1830 London-Rochester stage coach outside his East Arms, Hurley, Berkshire, which he bought three years ago. He brings to it hotel experience from Cannes and London, and was catering manager at Harrods for many years

## DINING OUT

# Improving "the local"

CERTAIN people have a flair for looking at an inn or an hotel and, no matter how attractive it may appear, realizing in a flash how much better it could be. Robert and David Lamdin are such people. What they did to the White Hart at Lewes they have now done to the White Hart at Godstone. This was one of the main posting houses for Lewes, as its fine courtyard attests. Its licence dates from 1370 in the reign of Richard II, and the inn itself was much enlarged in the reign of Elizabeth I. Queen Victoria made it a regular halting place on her journeys southwards.

The Lamdins, armed with many bright ideas, much enthusiasm and obviously a large sack of gold, have torn it to pieces and put it together again, only craftsmen skilled in the workmanship of the period being employed on the work. So now you have the charm of a fine old Elizabethan inn with all the modern conveniences today requires.

The bill of fare is based on the fine food of England as it should be; you can get some excellent wines from 14s. a bottle upwards or by the glass at 2s. Being a free house—and "the more the merrier" as far as I am concerned—it has a large selection of the best beers.

I found myself slightly overcome by the atmosphere; ate a whole chicken off the spit grill in the new restaurant, a large chunk of farmhouse Cheddar, and drank a bottle of Chateau Haut Marbuzet '52, to help them on their way. I felt very Elizabethan as I took the main road to Lewes.

THE transformation Robert Lush has made in the De Vere Hotel in De Vere Gardens since he took over the management some fifteen months ago is equally phenomenal. The only thing it had to offer as far as I was concerned was the position, looking out over the Broad Walk at Kensington Gardens. Apart from that it certainly had not progressed with the times, had no bar, except a trolley in the lounge, insufficient bathrooms and heaven knows what else!

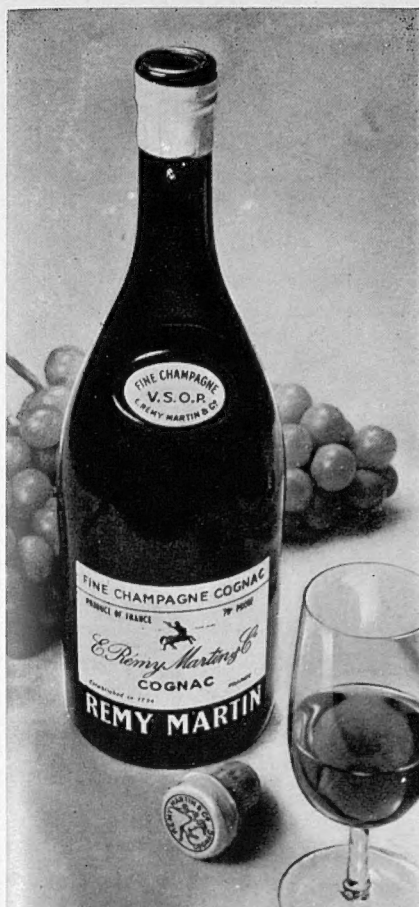
It is now very near the point where it has eighty-three bedrooms and eighty-three bathrooms, most attractively decorated; it has a luxuriously appointed Orchid Room for private parties up to twenty persons; a first-class French chef, M. Raymond Serre, who was originally brought over by M. Boulestin, and was one time *sous chef* at the Savoy, and who apart from putting on some first-class cuisine has his own particular way of preparing some well-known specialities, such as river trout *au Champagne*, *Poularde Pochée Lyonnaise* and *Noisettes d'Agneau Imperiale*.

All the drab, smoky, time-encrusted yellow paint has been removed and every combination of gay colours is to be found. The powder room, for example, is blush pink with ballerina wallpaper and has a sapphire carpet; and there is a new bar in the lounge with a view over the Broad Walk.

Robert Lush planned most of the schemes himself and in addition had much of the work carried out on the premises by his own maintenance staff.

—I. Bickerstaff





The end to a  
perfect dinner—  
as decreed by



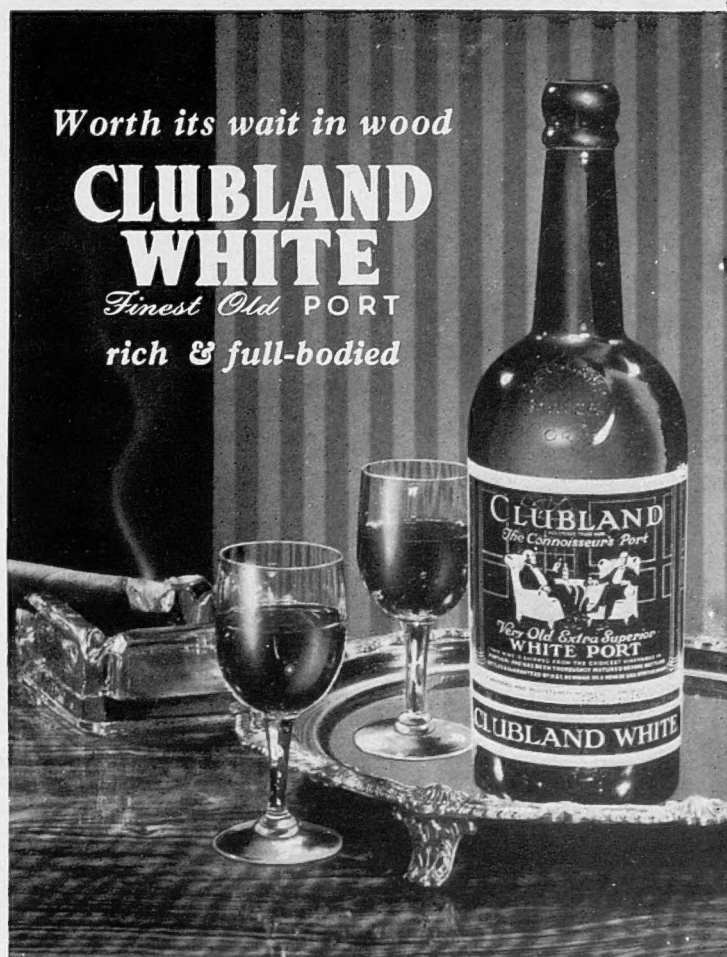
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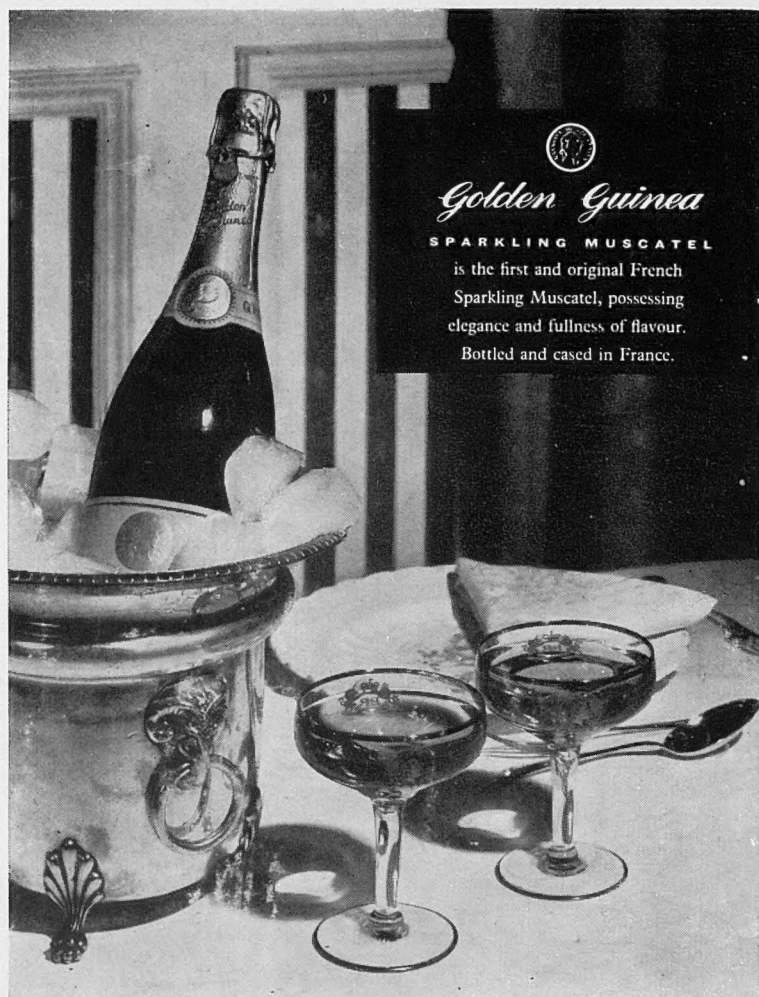
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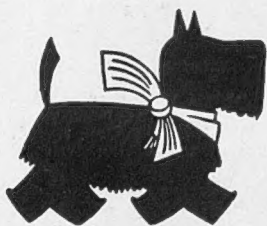
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## DINING IN

### Partridge time

THOUGH I have written of partridges in these notes in recent years, it would be a pity to omit reference to them again—especially as the good weather of this year's early months provides the possibility of more birds being available than when we suffered from poor springs. This means that prices may be, correspondingly, more reasonable.

The claws and beaks of partridges indicate their age. Sharp toes and unworn beaks mean that the birds are young. There is another sign of age, which all gamekeepers recognize: a "horseshoe" in the plumage of the breast. No "lucky horseshoes," in this case, when seeking for young birds. Best plan, however, is to trust to a reliable poulterer when purchasing.

Purists may claim that the best way with a young partridge is to roast it, first wiping out (but never washing) the inside and sprinkling it with salt and pepper. I would also add a nice big piece of butter. I know a good game cook who, before putting in the butter, pierces the inside of the breast bones so as to make sure that the butter soaks into the breast meat. Try this for yourselves.

Brush the bird all over with softened butter and sprinkle it with flour. Roast it, on its breast, in a fairly hot oven. After about 20 minutes at 425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6, turn the bird over on its back and finish it off for another 5 to 10 minutes. At the end of that time, lift the partridge on a cook's fork by placing the fork inside the bird, not piercing it, and tip it up. If the juices which run out are red, cook for a further 5 minutes or so. That is the chef's test for "doneness," and the soundest I know.

BUT try a grilled partridge. Escoffier has a recipe for one which I like very much, but I omit the final "thread of meat glaze."

Cut a young partridge through the back with poultry shears and flatten it out with a butcher's beater. (The poulterer will do this for you.)

Run two skewers through the body to keep it flat during the grilling. Brush the cut surface with melted butter, sprinkle it with pepper and salt and grill gently for about 7 minutes. Turn, brush with butter, add further seasoning and grill for another 7 to 8 minutes. To test if done: With a sharp fork, pierce gently one spot in the breast near the wing and judge for readiness by the juice which oozes out.

Grill at the same time largish mushrooms, well anointed with soft butter. Finish with a small hazel-nut of *maitre d'hôtel* butter.

And here is a Partridge Pâté, extravagant in time and work, but economical in partridge! Wonderful if you are having a party.

Skin and bone a partridge. Mince  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. chicken livers and  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. boiled ham. Rub through a sieve (or use an electric blender). Stand in a bowl over ice and beat in  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint single cream. Season with salt, freshly milled pepper, a tiny pinch of Cayenne and, if available, a juniper berry. Beat in half an egg white.

Lightly butter a small terrine. Spread the bottom and sides with the sieved mixture. In the centre, place the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, wrapped in a strip of partridge breast, first flattened out with the back of a knife. Add the remainder of the partridge, cut in strips. Sprinkle in a few blanched pistachio nuts. Fill up with the remaining sieved mixture. Cover with bacon and a bay leaf.

Seal the lid with flour paste. Cook for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours at 325 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 3 to  $3\frac{1}{2}$ . (If the oven tends to build up heat, as some do, the temperature may be lowered.)

Remove, place a weighted plate on top and leave until next day before cutting into the pâté.

—Helen Burke



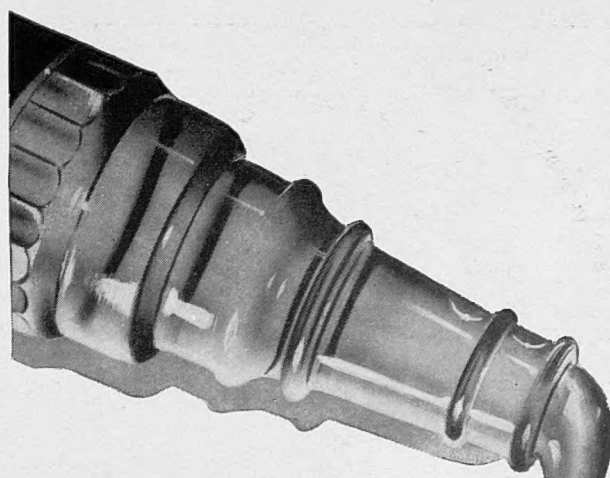
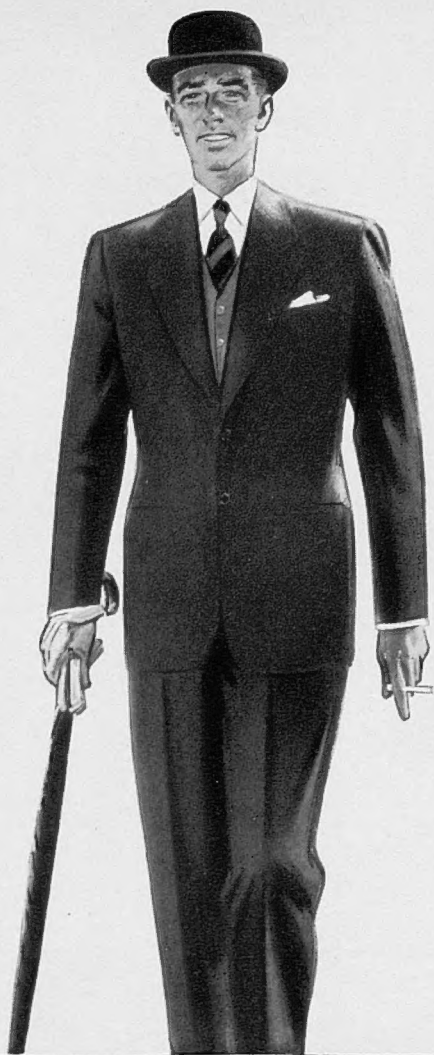
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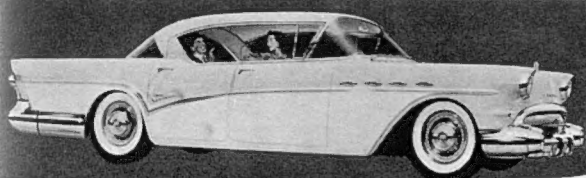
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